

1708 on Lectureship

LETTER

TO A

BISHOP, &c.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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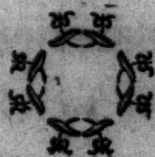
A  
L E T T E R  
T O A  
B I S H O P,  
C O N C E R N I N G  
L E C T U R E S H I P S.

By F. T.

Affistant CURATE at——

A N D

Joint - L E C T U R E R of St. ——



L O N D O N;

Printed for R. BALDWIN, Pater-noster-Row ;  
T. DAVIES, Ruffel-Street, Covent Garden.

MDCCLXVIII.

L E T T E R

T O A

B I S H O P

C O N C E R N I N G

L E C T U R E S H I P S



T.

ARRANGED BY

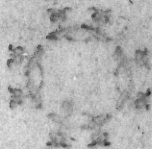
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JOINT LECTURER OF ST.



L O N D O N

Printed for R. B. ALDWIN, 1, New North Row

T. DAVIES, Royal Society, Covent Garden

MDCCCXXXIII

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may remember, we were drawn, and at

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as the old hand in, in one of her  
 strange freaks, thrown us from the  
 L E T T E R, &c.

of life at the utmost distance from each  
 other, by making your Lordship a Bishop,

and me an Assistant-Curate. I  
 MY LORD, I think, my Lord, I have somewhere

I Would not thus have address'd your  
 Lordship in public, but that in these  
 our days the press is the only method  
 by which I could gain admission to you,  
 or have the opportunity, to use our old  
 College phrase, of a little CONFAB!  
 Bishops and Curates are, I believe, at  
 present seldom seen together, except in  
 the prayer for the Clergy. Fortune,  
 my Lord, who brought us so close to-  
 gether at the University, where, you

The

B

may



may remember, we were *Chums*, has at length

Sævo læta negotio,

as the old bard sings, in one of her strange freaks, thrown us from the most intimate connection into stations of life at the utmost distance from each other, by making your Lordship a Bishop, and me an ——— Assistant-Curate. I think, my Lord, I have somewhere read, that in the Roman Triumphs a person was always appointed to attend the Conqueror, and as he passed along to repeat to him——“Thou art a  
“man.” The following pages may be considered as a salutary hint of the same nature, and were only meant to lay on your Lordship’s table, and as you slip on your lawn, to whisper to you——“Thou art a Clergyman.”

The

Tho' I do not (to use the phrase of a certain Right Reverend) *bask in the Sunshine of the Gospel*, you will perceive, notwithstanding, in the course of this Letter, I am not so much hurt by disappointments, but that I can laugh at a proper opportunity; at present, however, I am perfectly serious, and do from my heart think and declare, that the least grateful acknowledgement which our dignified clergy can make, for the honours and rewards conferred on them, is to assist their distressed brethren; to make use of their best endeavours to support the dignity of the ministerial office; and to gain them some deference and respect, if they *can*, or *will*, procure them nothing else: and yet this, my Lord, I will not say wherefore, or by whom, is of late years, most shamefully neglected.

Your Lordship, I am convinc'd by experience, is not without humanity; I have known some Bishops, (formerly I mean) who had not a grain of it in their whole composition: but that is not your case; I have therefore taken the liberty to appeal to you, in behalf of the inferior clergy of these kingdoms, who, I believe, are the most distressed, deserted, and despised body of men, at present, on the face of the earth: into the causes of this, I propose coolly and candidly to examine, and to consult with your Lordship concerning the most probable methods of removing them.

I have a thousand things to say to your Lordship, on this copious head, which I shall reserve for some future occasion, and for the sake of method confine myself at present (tho' I hate confinement of every kind) to a particular branch of  
our



our scanty revenue, commonly known by the name of **LECTURESHIPS**, to Your Lordship being much better acquainted with ecclesiastical history than myself, could probably acquaint me with the origin and rise of these **PAUPER-TASTIS SUBSIDIA**: as I am not, however, very ambitious of tracing the source of this muddy spring, I shall defer the search to another opportunity, and content myself with observing (a truth which I am every day more and more convinced of) that the establishment of *Lectureships* in and about London has been extremely prejudicial to the inferior Clergy of this kingdom, and contributed, in a great measure, to bring upon the whole body that poverty and contempt into which they are now fallen; that the methods by which they are obtained are highly unbecoming our character, and the means

# 6 A LETTER

means made use of to support them inadequate to the duty performed; that they are acquired, in short, with difficulty, lost with ease; and very few of them worth the keeping: which I will endeavour to prove to your Lordship in as few words as possible.

It may not, perhaps, be improper, when I talk of SERMONISERS, to follow the usual SERMON method, and divide my subject into three or four general heads; and tho' I would not, as Lord Shaftsbury says, "bring my two's and three's before a fashionable congregation," yet, as I am talking only to your Lordship, and what passes may never go much further than ourselves, I may as well adopt the TEXTUAL manner; (there, my Lord, is a new word for Johnson's Dictionary).

I shall

TO A BISHOP, &c. 7

I shall proceed therefore,

FIRST,

To consider how **LECTURESHIPS**  
are canvassed for.

SECONDLY,

What is expected from them. And

THIRDLY and LASTLY.

How they are paid, and what emoluments usually arise to the possessors of them.

First therefore, my Lord, with regard to the *canvassing* for Lectureships, as usually practised amongst us, I will venture to assert, it is an employment utterly inconsistent with the character, and unbecoming the dignity of a Clergyman, an office greatly beneath the attention of genius and learning, and  
highly



highly unsuitable to all the notions of life imbibed in the course of a genteel and liberal education.

To consider how LECTURERSHIP

The choice of a LECTURER in this metropolis is generally vested in the whole body of the parish, consisting, for the most part, of ordinary tradesmen, sometimes very low mechanics, persons not always of the most refined manners, or delicate sensations. Your Lordship, I am sure, must remember, how cavalierly, when we were at Cambridge, (for which by the by we deserved to be horse-whipped) we used to treat the CANAILLE: if an honest tradesman came a dunning to our room of a morning before Lecture, we tipped the NON DOMI upon him, or if by chance he gained admittance, and grew importunate in his solicitations, without further ceremony shewed him the nearest way down

down stairs. Little did some of us think what a different behaviour we should one day be obliged to assume towards some of their illustrious brethren in this metropolis.

The common people, my Lord, in this kingdom of liberty, are of so combustible a nature, that the least point of dispute blows them up into a flame: a contest about Church-wardens, the choice of a select vestry-man, or a paltry Lectureship shall set as many sober citizens together by the ears as a County Election. To say the truth, there is now a days almost as much dirty work practis'd in the Canvassing for one as for the other. The Parson, as well as the Candidate, must play over, if he hopes for Success, all the little low tricks of bribing the indigent, flattering the proud, cajoling the rich, abusing and calumniating

his antagonist, buying, making, splitting, hiding votes; the whole catalogue, in short, of Ministerial Artifices must be practised in the vestry with as little conscience as on the Hustings; and a Candidate for St. A——'s Church has almost as much mire to wade through, as a Candidate for St. S——'s Chapel.

But, as I have heard say in Westminster-Hall, there is nothing like a CASE IN POINT; I will therefore treat your Lordship with one, to illustrate the subject under consideration, and that case, to prevent any mistakes, shall be — MY OWN.

Your Lordship I believe may remember the time when my poor Uncle died, which obliged me to quit the University and seek my fortune in town, where I had not been above three weeks before

I stroll'd



T O A B I S H O P, &c.

I stroll'd one Sunday afternoon into a Church in the City, and, after service, heard the Clerk, by order of the Vestry, declare the Lectureship of the parish vacant; and invite the Clergy, however dignify'd or distinguish'd, to be Candidates for it, and to give in their names by the ensuing Sunday. No sooner did I hear this CHURCH SERJEANT thus beating up for recruits, than I immediately resolv'd to *enlist*; and accordingly, the next day, waited on the worshipful Sten-  
tor above-mention'd, who took down my name and place of abode: on my desiring him at the same time to acquaint me with the best method of proceeding, which I was an utter stranger to, he advis'd me as a friend, to apply as speedily as possible, to Mr.            a Cheese-  
monger in            Lane, who was then first Church-warden, a leading man in the Vestry, and a person, he assur'd me,

on whom the Election would in a great measure depend. I took honest AMEN's advice, and by nine the next morning, not I must own without some reluctance, dressed myself as well as I could, and waited on Mr. Church-warden. As soon as he saw me enter the Shop in my Canonicals, (for I had hired an excellent new gown and cassock behind St. Clement's on the occasion) he made me a very low bow, gave me the title of Doctor, and imagining no doubt that I was come to bespeak cheeses for the country, begg'd to know my *honour's* commands; to which I replied in an humble tone, and looking extremely disconcerted, that I came to wait on him on account of the Lectureship of the parish, and begg'd the favor of his vote and interest, &c. Your Lordship I am sure would have smiled to see the sudden alteration of his features and behaviour: he dropp'd all

all the tradesman's obsequiousness, and in a moment assumed the magisterial air and dignity of a Church-warden; turn'd aside to a woman who was just then asking for a pound of Cheese, and without addressing himself to me, cry'd out, "this is the fourth parson I have had with me to-day on the same errand:" then, staring me full in the face; "well, young man, says he, you intend to be a Candidate for this same Lecture: you are all to mount the *Nostrum*, I suppose, and merit will carry it: for my part, I promise nobody, but remember I tell you beforehand, I am for *voice* and *action*, so mind your hits." When he had said this, he immediately turn'd upon his heel, and went into the Counting-house. I took my leave in an awkward manner, as you may suppose, being not a little chagrin'd at his insolence; and as I went

out



out of the shop, overheard his Lady observing, from behind the counter, that I was a pretty **SPRIG** of **DIVINITY**, but look'd a little **SHEEPISH**, and had not half the courage of the gentleman that had been recommended to her husband by **MR. SQUINTUM**.

The instant I quitted the sign of the **Cheshire-Cheese**, I laid aside all thoughts of further solicitation, and resolved to return to college, and live on making Fellow-commoner's exercises, rather than subject myself any more to such mortifying indignities. Good God! thought I to myself, is this the fruit of my studies? this the reward of all my toil and labour in the university? to have the important point, whether I shall eat or starve, at last determin'd by a **CHEESEMONGER**, who declares for voice and action!

In

In spite, notwithstanding, of this resolution, (for resolutions, your Lordship knows, are much easier made than kept) I was obliged in less than six months, having during that time taken it into my head to fall in love and marry, to repair once more to the great city, and put into the Ecclesiastical lottery; where, by the by, as in most other lotteries, you buy so dear, meet with so few prizes, and run so much hazard, that none but desperado's ought to venture in them: there, my Lord, I renew'd my solicitations, and experienced all the miseries and misfortunes, all the insults and indignities, which the pride and insolence of the rich, both Laity and Clergy, inflict on their dependent brethren: the difficulties which I met with in search of a *Lecture-ship*, for that was my *Summum Bonum*, are inconceivable; and I can assure your Lordship, that, trifling as the emoluments

ments are of this preferment, all the perfections of human nature united are scarce sufficient to a man without personal interest, to insure his success. The variety of distresses which I encountered from the different tempers and dispositions of the *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* (for so I was obliged to call them) who had votes in the parish, the mean and abject flattery which I was forc'd to make use of, with the many frequent affronts and disappointments I underwent, would swell half a melancholy volume. Without enumerating the necessary accomplishments generally expected on these occasions of drinking hard with the husbands, and saying soft things to their wives; in more parishes than one, my Lord, where I have been a Candidate, to smoak your half dozen of pipes, and drink two bottles at a sitting, are infinitely more necessary perfections than  
any



any which you cou'd bring with you from the University ; and it is a maxim with many good citizens, that unless you are what they call a d — d honest fellow, you can never be a good preacher, or an Orthodox Divine ; in short, my Lord, and to be serious, unless a poor Clergyman is every thing that he ought *not* to be, he can never be what is every man's wish, independent.

I must not in this place forget to mention one rock which young Divines are perpetually splitting on in this voyage, and that is, Party : a Candidate must take great care how he repeats his *political Creed* ; as, if he declares himself on *one* side, he will inevitably be opposed, slander'd and insulted by the *other* ; it behoves him therefore always to join with the strongest : but, what is worst of all, if he is of no side, (which

D

your

your Lordship well knows is the most prudent way,) it is a million to one if he is suffered to continue so.

I remember, my Lord, when I set up for the Lectureship of St. — the political Thermometer of the parish was very high; I had at that time, and retain to this moment, the utmost contempt for all parties; being satisfied, as every man of common understanding must be, that there is nothing but self-interest at the bottom of them: it was very difficult however, I found, to persuade other men that I was not as foolish as themselves.

Mr. Alderman Grub, and Mr. Deputy Clove, the two leading men in the parish, were at that time, or at least professed to be, of opposite principles; the Alderman a staunch Whig; the Deputy a reputed Tory; I waited on them both  
for

for their votes and interest, the consequence of which was that I succeeded with neither, both reproaching me with being of a different way of thinking from themselves. The Alderman was extremely sorry he could not serve me : he had a regard, he had heard, he admired, &c. but to be plain with me he was assured I had drank tea at the Deputy's : and when I went to the Deputy : for *my* part, (I shall never forget it, my Lord, to my dying day) “ for my part, “ (said he) I am of no side, I despise “ all parties whatsoever, but there are “ people whom some people can't like “ like other people : in short, I shall “ always be glad to see you whilst you “ are what you are ; but remember, Mr. “ Parson, if ever you dine with Alder- “ man Grub again — you understand “ me — your humble servant.”



These, my Lord, are but an inconsiderable part of the miseries and indignities which a poor *Parson* is sure to encounter with on this occasion, but half

the spurns

Which patient merit from th' unworthy takes.

For my own part, I cannot but think the very single circumstance of traipsing about from door to door in one's *Canonicals*, perhaps for a week, is sufficient to deter any man who has the least regard for cleanliness and decorum from canvassing for a *City Lectureship*. There is not in nature a more ridiculous sight than a draggletail Divine, holding up his spatter'd *Sacerdotals*, and dabbling thro' dirty streets and blind alleys in search of *Civic* preferment.

And now I am upon this head, my Lord, you must pardon me

A

A  
SHORT DIGRESSION  
CONCERNING  
GOWNS and CASSOCKS.

A certain right reverend Prelate, now with God, (that I think, my Lord, is the phrase when we speak of *departed Episcopacy*) had, amongst other reforming schemes, entertain'd a design of obliging all the Clergy, and especially those of the Metropolis, to appear constantly in their proper *Uniform*, and on no account permitting them to be seen in public without a *gown* and *cassock*: of what service this reformation cou'd possibly be to religion and virtue I must own I could never discover, whilst the inconveniences attending it to the poor Clergy are sufficiently obvious. It has been said, I know, by the advocates for this plan, that whenever a *Clergyman* appears *as such* he will always meet with the respect due to his function, and that  
if

if he is not treated with civility he may thank *himself* for it: but let us examine a little, and see if *these things* are so.

You, my Lord, I make no doubt meet with all the deference and respect which are due to your exalted station and character: but I must beg your Lordship not to attribute it to wrong motives, or imagine that the bows made to you in the street are a tribute to your *rose* and *bever*: the incense I assure your Lordship is offered to the *mitre* only. The reverence is not paid to you as a pastor of the flock of Christ; it is your *temporal* and not your *spiritual* dignity that attracts the attention, and commands the homage of the multitude: it is not because you have three thousand souls under your care, but that you have three thousand pounds per Annum. I have read, my Lord, and do verily believe, that there was



was a time, tho' not within our memory, when the *Clergy* of all ranks, dignify'd or undignify'd, met with some degree of respect, as such, even in this kingdom, but those days are gone and past, and so very different are the manners of this age, that I would venture one of my best sermons against your Lordship's last new gown and cassock (we philosophers, my Lord, consider one another's wants) that if your Lordship, when you go next to the House of Peers, will step out of your chariot at Charing-cross, without your purple-fring'd gloves, your footman behind, or any other external mark that might betray your quality, you shall walk from thence to Palace-yard without being once oblig'd to pull off your hat in return for any compliments paid to your *cloth*. Nobody, my Lord, in these our days, takes any notice of a *gown and cassock*; except perhaps

a parish girl, a chimney-sweeper's boy who salutes you as a *brother black*, or now and then a common soldier who does not know, (as Chaplains seldom attend,) but you may belong to *his* regiment. On the other hand, it is at least forty to one that you meet with some gross affront before you get half way; 'tis odds but a hackney coachman gives his horses a lick, as soon as he sees you, splashes you all over, and then winks to his brother with—"Smoke the Doctor's new cassock." Add to this, that if you don't give the wall to every tinker and taylor you meet, you will be call'd a *proud priest*: if you happen to be *fat*, they will be sure to say you have got *the church* in your *belly*; if you walk fast—you are in a d——d hurry for your dinner;—if you go slow and pick your way, it is-- "mind Parson Prim, how gingerly he steps,"--If your gown is dragged,

gled, a carman will call out to you to hold up your petticoats, and if you chance to turn up an alley on any necessary occasion, the witticisms upon you are innumerable: for after all, my Lord, it is a strange thing, and what all the world wonders at, that *Parsons* should eat, and drink, and sleep, and do a hundred vulgar things just like other men.

And now, my Lord, do you seriously think it would be any advantage, or contribute to the honor and dignity of the cloth, to be for ever *scarfed* and *saffocked* in the streets of London, for my own part, till I am forced to do otherwise, I shall content myself with *foolking* unnoticed in my *iron* grey, as, whilst I am mistaken for a parish clerk, a gracier, or an undertaker, I may at least escape without ridicule and abuse,

E

which,



which, if I appear in my *regimentals*, as things are now circumstanced, I can never expect.

But, to return to my subject, or, as we say every Sunday, to proceed to my *second* head, and consider

What is expected from *Lecturers*, and how they are generally treated when they become so. Let us now then suppose, that the poor Candidate, after going through all these fiery trials, should at length be so fortunate as to make his calling and election sure: behold him chosen, licensed, and *In-pulpited* (there, my Lord, is another new word for you, and I see no reason why it is not as good as *Install'd*) he will find that *seat*, or rather *standing* of honor is a "painful pre-eminence," for, as high as he may

there imagine himself, not a creature who sits *below* but thinks himself far *above* him. Every man that gave you his vote will consider you from that day forth, and as long as you continue in that situation, as his inferior: he looks upon himself as one of your *feeders*, to whom you are indebted for your *daily bread*, and therefore expects you will honor him accordingly; and for this special reason, because if you withdraw your *complaisance*, he may withdraw his--  
*Subscription.* But let us attend a little to the precarious tenure on which he holds his new preferment. When a man is in peaceable possession of a good living, scarce any body takes notice of his preaching. It matters very little whether he is as elegant as \* ——— or

\* The reader is desired to fill up these blank spaces with the names of the best and worst Preacher he is acquainted with.

as contemptible as Dr. ———. But with a *Lecturer* the case is extremely different; he is considered by his hearers as a kind of Divinity-cook, and is expected, like other cooks, to adapt every thing to every body's palate; and let him have ever so much merit, 'tis a hundred to one he does not please one in a hundred, for it is all whim and caprice. If he has a loud voice, perhaps he may be called a Brawler, he takes too much pains, labours, and so forth; if he is weak and low, he is censur'd as spiritless and inanimate; if his action is slow and solemn, he shall be termed listless and indolent; if it be strong, and vary'd, it shall be called vehement and theatrical; for the poor judges he is talking to never consider the different subjects to be treated; that one may require sober and composed behaviour in the utterance, another lively, spirited, and diffused gesture.



In most other professions, those who apply for your aid and instruction will at least allow you some knowledge in your own business, and have complaisance enough to suppose you have a tolerable idea of and acquaintance with the matter of it; but in *Divinity* it is quite otherwise: every Auditor in a church is as good a judge (or at least thinks himself so) both of the subject, and the manner of treating it, as yourself, and will not fail to shew his judgment with regard to stile, sentiment, and delivery, though he knows no more of either than the desk you write upon.

They will tell you the Sermon you preached was borrowed from another when it is really your own, and, vice versa, compliment you upon it as your own, when it is every word of it stolen from another.

The

The following, my Lord, is a fact which happened to myself,

Being engaged one whole week in writing an answer to a political Pamphlet against the D—— of N—— for which I had twenty pieces (more, by the by, than I got by preaching in a twelve-month) I ventured on the Saturday night to transcribe a discourse of Tillotson's, and preached it on the Sunday morning to a very polite audience: on my coming out of church, I was saluted by one of the Overseers with--“ thank you, Doctor, for your excellent Sermon; but let me tell you 'twas a dangerous topic for a young man; to be sure you might have treated it a little more fully (*observe his complaisance*) but upon the whole it was really a good discourse, and I am sure all your own; but I remember a glorious one of

Tillotson's

“ Tillotson's on that very subject. I re-  
“ member — that you do not indeed; my  
“ friend, replied I, (I could not help it,  
“ my Lord, for the life of me) for the  
“ sermon you just now heard is the very  
“ same, word for word; I assure you, and  
“ you will find it when you go home,  
“ Vol. and page—so and so.”

But let a man preach his *own* sermons,  
or any body's else, he can never expect  
to please for any length of time; I have  
scarce ever known a Lecturer continue a  
favourite above two or three years; if he  
always preaches himself he grows tire-  
some, and if he puts in another he is  
censured as idle and negligent: if his  
Deputy preaches better, or which is the  
same thing, *appears* to preach better than  
himself, it sinks the principal into con-  
tempt; and if the Deputy does not preach  
so well, hints are given him that it  
would



would be better if some folks would do their own duty; add to this that your constant Church-Trotters and Text-markers, who take down the Heads in their pocket-books, are always smacking your stale divinity, and expect a new discourse to tickle their ears every Sunday. We can see the same play at the theatre, hear the same story abroad, or read the same book at home, perhaps once in a month at least, with pleasure; but to listen to the same discourse from a pulpit once in three years, though perhaps we do not actually remember a line more than the text, is, for what reason I know not, most intolerable.

I am as thoroughly convinced as I am of my own Existence that *Lectureships* greatly promote and increase *Methodism*. A desire of striking out something new and uncommon to tickle the ears of

*the Groundlings* has led many a plain well-meaning preacher into romantic fallies, and theatrical gestures, and insensibly drawn them into methodistical rant and enthusiasm.

There never was a duller hound than that \**bound* of King's, whom your Lordship must remember as well as myself, the famous *Mr. Jones* of St. Saviour's : he had preached for some time in the old Dog-trot stile of First to the First, Secondly to the Second, and administer'd his gentle soporifics to no purpose for a year or two, when, finding it would not do, all on a sudden he shook his ears, set up a loud bark, and by mere dint of noise, vociferation, and grimace, mouth'd

\* The *Servitors* as they are termed at Oxford, or what we call in Cambridge *Sizers*, go, at King's College, and there only, by the name of *Hounds*.  
Mr. Jones was a *hound* of King's.

and bellow'd himself into reputation amongst the gentlemen of the *Clink*, out-heroded Herod, and almost eclips'd the fame of Wesley, Whitfield, and Madan.

I shall now proceed, my Lord, (to speak in the *Parsonic* stile) to my *third general head*, viz. the manner in which Lectureships are usually paid, which is equally injurious to our character and function.

I know a little too much of the world, my Lord, to expect that a Parson should be paid like a First-rate Player, a Pimp, or a Lord of the Treasury, whose incomes I believe are pretty near equal; but at the same time cannot help thinking, that a labourer in the Vineyard is as well worthy of his hire, as a Journeyman Carpenter, Mason, &c. and has as good



a right to two pound two on a Sunday as he has on a Saturday night; and yet not one in a hundred of us is paid in that proportion,

The Lecturer's box generally goes about with the rest of the parish Beggars a little after Christmas; and every body throws in their charity, (for it is always considered in that light) as they think proper. Were I to tell your Lordship how many paltry excuses are made to evade this little annual tribute by the mean and sordid, how very little is given even by the most generous, and what an inconsiderable sum the whole generally amounts to, the recital would not afford you much entertainment, and, for aught I know might even give you some small concern.

You cannot imagine, my Lord, with what an envious eye we poor Lecturers have often looked over a Waiter's book at a Coffee-house, where I have seen such a collection of guineas and half guineas as made my mouth water : to give less than a crown at least, would be to the last degree ungenteel, for the immense trouble of handing a dish of coffee, or a newspaper ; whilst the poor Divine, who has toil'd in the Ministry for a Twelve-month, and half worn out a pair of excellent lungs in the unprofitable service, shall think himself well rewarded with the noble donation of *half a crown*.

But to illustrate my subject, I will give your Lordship another story ; there is nothing like a little painting from the life on these occasions : suppose yourself then, my Lord, an eye-witness of the following

following scene, which passed not long since in a certain part of this Metropolis.

Enter the Church-warden and Overseer into the shop of Mr. Prim the Mercer—Well, Mr. Twist, what are your commands with me? --- we are come to wait on your honor with the Lecturer's-book, Sir, --- a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of the parish of St—— for the support of---well, well, you need not read any further: what is it? --- whatever you please, Sir,--- Aye, here's another load, another burthen: U'ye think I am made of gold? there's the poor's rate, the doctor's rate, the window rates, the devil's in the rates I think--- however, I can't refuse *you*; but I'll not give another year --- here, Buckram, reach me half a crown out of the till--- your Servant, Madam,---

A



[*A Lady comes out of a back parlour, walks thro' the shop, and gets into a chair.*]

Aye, there's another tax—a guinea for two box tickets, as sure as the benefit comes round, for my wife and daughter, besides chair-hire.

[*Twist shakes his head.*]

O master Prim, master Prim ! had not you better now have given us a guinea for the Doctor and his four children, and reserved your half crown for the Lady, who, if I may judge from her garb and equipage, does not want it half so much as the poor *Parson* ; but you will be in the fashion, so give us your mite ; set down, Mr. Prim two and sixpence,--- Sir, good morrow to you --- gentlemen, your servant,---

Such, my Lord, you see, is the force of fashion. and such the influence of example,

ample, that a constant Church-goer, and one perhaps who fancies himself a very good Christian, shall throw away *one pound one* with all the pleasure imaginable for an evening's entertainment at the theatre, and at the same time grudge *half a crown* for two and fifty discourses from the pulpit, which, if he turns to his arithmetic book, he will see amounts to about — three farthings a sermon --- and a sober Citizen too, as Lady Townly says, fye! fye!

These, my Lord, are melancholy truths, and, though you and I who are philosophers may laugh at them, have made many an honest man's heart ake.

I will leave your Lordship to imagine, without entering any further into this subject, what the great and desirable emoluments must be arising from a

Town-

*Town-Lectureſhip*: hardly equal at the beſt to the wages of a Journeyman Stay-maker, and by no means upon a level with the profits of drawers, coffee-houſe waiters, or the footmen of our nobility. This very lucrative employment, notwithstanding, as being too conſiderable for one man, is frequently ſplit in two and divided, like the places of Poſt-maſter General, Secretary, &c. amongſt the great. I have myſelf the honor, my Lord, of being what is called a *Joint-Lecturer*, not having intereſt enough in the pariſh, where I had been *Curate* for twenty years, to ſecure the whole. I cannot indeed ſo far agree with our old friend Heſiod as to think \* the half better than the whole, but, embracing the † *English* inſtead of the

\* πλεον ἡμισυ παντος.

† Half a loaf is better than no bread.

Greek



Greek proverb, sit myself down contentedly, and eat my *half loaf* in quiet. But, to confess the truth, I find the profits of both preferments (for your Lordship sees I am a *pluralist*) rather too small, to provide, in these hard times, for the necessities of a growing family, and have lately been obliged to *eke out* matters by entering myself on my friend H—w's list. As there is something curious in this Mr. H —, both with regard to himself, and the business he is engaged in, I shall beg leave to introduce him to your Lordship's acquaintance; as I believe, during what I may call your *minority* in the *Church*, no such character or occupation was in being.

You must know then, my Lord, that the ingenious Mr. H——has found out a new method of being serviceable to the *Clergy* and himself, by keeping a

G

kin

kind of *Ecclesiastical Register-office*, or, more properly speaking, a *Divinity-shop*, in the city, where *Parsons* are *hired* by the day, week, month, &c. as occasion requires. For this purpose he keeps a regular alphabetical list of unemploy'd *Divines*, from the age of threescore and ten, to two and twenty, ready to be *let out* for certain stipulated sums, deducting a proper *premium* for the *agent* from every one of them. If any labouring *Curate, Lecturer, Morning-preacher, &c.* is too busy or too idle to perform his own duty, he may immediately repair to the said office, and be supplied with as much sound and orthodox divinity as he is able or willing to pay for. To this very useful Gentleman, I had myself, not long since, occasion to apply, being obliged to leave my *Church* for a fortnight; when the following conversation, as near as I can remember, pass'd between

tween us ; if it does not make you smile,  
I can only say, your Lordship's risible,  
muscles are not so pliant as they used  
to be.

*Curate.*

Mr. H——your Servant.

*Mr. H——*

Doctor, your's.

*Curate.*

I suppose, Mr. H——, you can guess my  
errand ; I am going out of town to-mor-  
row, and shall want a supply, and withal,  
master H——, I come to inform you, I  
shall commence from this day both *agent*  
and *patient*, and intend to hire and to  
be hired : so, as I am likely to be a pretty  
constant dealer, and am besides an old  
acquaintance, hope you will give me the  
turn of the scale : so put me down in  
your list immediately.

*Mr. H——* [*pulling out the list.*

It shall be done, Sir : and a most re-



spectable *list* it is, I assure you; I have just got a fresh cargo of *Scotch Divines* piping hot from *Edinburgh*; besides the old corps—my collection ends with—let me see---fourteen School-masters, five Doctors of Divinity, (pray, my Lord, mind the *Climax*) two Reviewers, three political writers, two bible-makers, and a K——'s C——n. *Things & Chaplain*

*Curate.*

All men of erudition, I suppose.

*Mr. H——.*

Excellent scholars, and charming preachers, I assure you; but, *entre nous*, not one of them worth sixpence in the world---but to your business.]

*Curate.*

Aye, Mr. H——, I must have a good voice for *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, and one of your best Orators for *Sunday* next; you know, *my* congregation is a little delicate.

*Mr.*

Mr. H—, Aye; more nice than wife perhaps—but let us look sharp—here's *Parson Ralobones*, one of my, *Athletic*, able-bodied divines; it is not long since he knock'd down a clerk in the desk for interrupting him in the middle of a prayer; this, you know, shew'd a good spirit, and keeps up the dignity of the cloth: but I doubt whether he'll do for you; for he's a *North-country man*, and has got the *Burr* in his throat; he'll never pass at your end of the town, I shall sport him, however, at a *Day-lecture*, or an early *Sacrament*.

Curate.

You are so facetious Mr. H—, but pray find me out somebody, for I am in haste.

Mr. H—

If you had wanted a brawler for a charity sermon, I could have help'd you to the best *beggar* in *England*, an arrant pick-pocket

pocket for the *Middle isle*; beats your D——'s and W——'s out of the pit; a Doctor of Divinity too, and a Justice of peace; but he wont do for *you*, for the dog's over head and ears in debt, and durst not stir out on a week-day for fear of the Bum-bailiffs; but stay--here I have him for you--the quickest reader in *England*: I'll bet my *Stackhouse's* bible to a *common-prayer* book, he gives Dr. *Drawl* to the *Te-Deum*, and overtakes him before he comes to the *Thanksgiving*! O, he's a *rare hand* at a *Collect*; but, remember, if he preaches, you must furnish him with the *Paraphernalia*; for he's but just got upon the list, and has not money enough yet to purchase *Canonicals*.

*Curate.*

O, we can equip him with *them*, but what's his price?

*Mr. H——.*

[*whispers.*]

Why, you would not offer him less than



than——for the sake of your brethren, for your own sake. Let me tell you, Sir, I am one of the best friends to the inferior *Clergy*, and have done more for them, (and that's a bold word,) than the whole bench of B——p's. I believe I may safely say, I have rais'd the price of *Lungs* at least *Cent per Cent* : I knew the time, and so did you, when a well cassock'd Divine was glad to read prayers, and on a holiday too, for twelve-pence ; Old C —— never had more in his life : now, Sir, I never let a *tit* go out of *my* stable, (you'll pardon my jocularities) under five shillings.—

My friend H —— was running on in this unmerciful manner, and would, for aught I know, have talk'd to this time, if I had not stopp'd him short, pretended immediate business, paid my earnest, and

and took my leave: not a little chagrin'd:  
 you may imagine: at the contemptuous  
 kindness he express'd for the cloth, and  
 the degrading familiarity with which he  
 treated that *function* to which your Lord-  
 ship, equally with myself, has the honor  
 to belong. I said even I have rais'd you  
 would I: and yet I am not sure I know  
 a. To say the truth — But this, must  
 be deferred, with many other considera-  
 tions, to another letter: my wife, having  
 just now broke into my study to remind  
 me, that I have a sermon to finish before  
 ten to-morrow, which will scarce give  
 me time to subscribe myself, in due



MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP  
 I know, have talk'd to this time,  
 pretended  
 immediate business, said my carriage  
 and

F. T.